[24/06/06][18:45:22] -

Title: Vincent Log

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Fisherman's Brew, handed down to me by my old boss, is possibly the worst place for me to persue my education in the culinary arts. Not many people come in here at all with any taste, and

I have had plenty of visits from the town guards as of late about my littel scuffles with upset patrons. They seem to think I can't refuse business just to anyone seeing how I'm the only real Tavern on the island. Well, since they put it that way....
The other night, an Evil Mage came in for a drink. I was pretty surprised to see him when he knows the Guards will kill him right away. However, knowing how his blood boiled and looked to be a resonable man, I decided to let him sit down and relax a bit.

After a few drinks, you could not silence this man. He was one messed up individual, I guess that happens when you don't see daylight for so long.

It seems first his wife left him, being an "Evil" Mage and all. Which, wasn't really an issue since he was Evil and without many morals, as he's already leering at the womenfolk around my

tavern.

So then he goes into all the secret work they are doing down below. It seems what was once a very secure facility is now being invaded and ransacked by fortune seekers. Since they are almost done with the most expensive hardware known to them and the client is almost ready to take delivery, they are having to relocate half the men to another secret facility.
Well, I thought that would have been all well and good, but he complains now there are only half as many mages to protect themselves from the fortune seekers.

Well, that's the price of being evil I guess - you are never safe.

I asked him where they might be going, and that's when he passed out. I took some compassion and rolled him under my bar till morning - he said he appreciated the compassion and it would be rewarded.

I was pretty happy, till I realized he just tipped me two gold coins.